

Zutons, The "Beggars And Choosers"

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Beggars and choosers, winners and losers,
Sent in today and they're here to abuse us.
They come by the old map, and travel by spacecraft,
Which one are you, cos they're here to confuse us,
now,
Here they come, here they come, here they come,
Oh now, here they come, here they come, oh oh.

Business conventions, greedy intentions,
Sent in today and they're not scared to mention.
They're fat men in black suits, all walking in fresh
boots,
Walking the streets as they're taking your pensions.

They look like your friend but they're leeches inside,
They're burning your soul as they're passing your
mind,
They look like the people who live on the street,
Like children that pester the ? and the key.

Well who is next? I hope they come for you.
So tell your friends, I hope that they learn too.

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They're burning your soul as they're passing your
mind,
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